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# THE TRANSFORMERS

## SPOTLIGHT

# CYCLONUS



REVELATION:  
PART ONE





Cover B  
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# THE TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT



## CYCLONUS

NICK 08



### REVELATION: PART ONE





Cover RI

# THE TRANSFORMERS™

## SPOTLIGHT

# CYCLONUS

REVELATION:  
PART ONE





For someone so mercurial, so unpredictable, CYCLONUS craves, above all, order. To him, the universe is as chaotic and maddening as his own nature, and he feels if he could just impose structure and control upon it his own volatility would diminish accordingly. NOVA PRIME'S dream of expansion, his wish to impose the Cybertronian ideal on the larger universe, jibes perfectly with Cyclonus' own needs. Fiercely, demonstrably patriotic, Cyclonus believes utterly in Cybertron (and the Cybertronian race as some kind of universal template for existence) and those he deems responsible for its decline and fall are just... the enemy!



## THE TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT: CYCLONUS

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A purple Cybertronian robot, resembling a Prowl, stands amidst the ruins of a city. Two bright blue energy beams emanate from its chest, shining upwards towards a large, cylindrical metallic structure in the upper left. The ground is covered in rubble, broken concrete, and twisted metal. In the background, more ruins and a large, circular metallic structure are visible. The overall scene is one of desolation and destruction.

CYBERTRON:

WHY DID I COME HERE?

TO SEE FIRSTHAND WHAT I *ALREADY*  
KNEW? THAT THOSE WHO CAME AFTER  
US TOOK THIS PERFECT, GLITTERING  
JEWEL OF A WORLD...

...AND MADE A  
WASTELAND OF IT!





PERHAPS, IN THE END, NO  
SECONDHAND REPORT WOULD  
DO. I HAD TO SEE FOR MYSELF,  
WITH MY OWN OPTICS...

...EXACTLY WHAT THEY DID  
TO MY EXQUISITE WORLD!

I HAVE LOST SO MUCH SINCE  
WE SET FORTH IN *THE ARK*  
TO PROBE THE MYSTERIES OF  
BEYOND, BUT *THIS*...

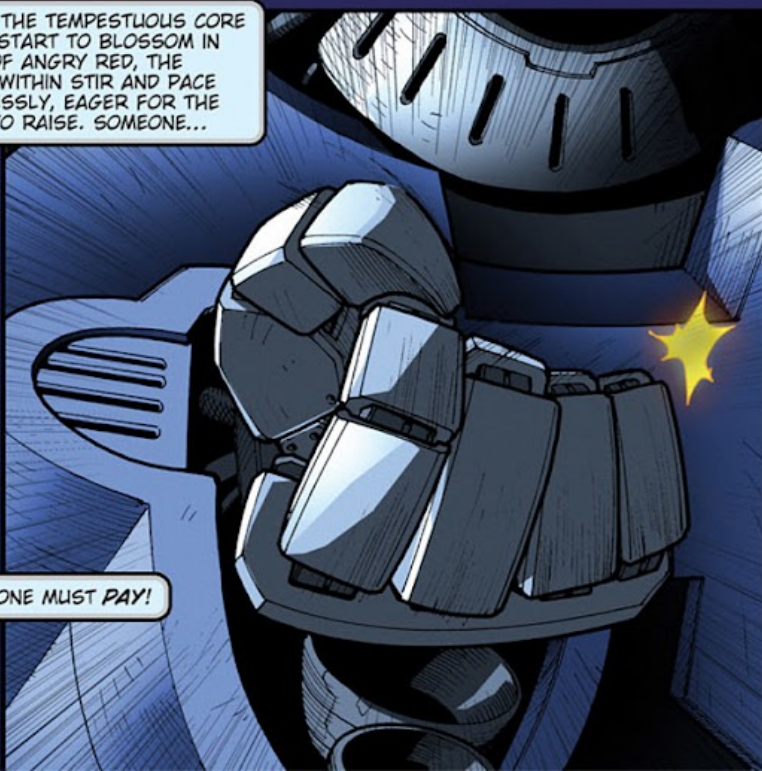


...IS THE VERY *WORST* OF IT.



I FEEL THE TEMPESTUOUS CORE  
OF ME START TO BLOSSOM IN  
HUES OF ANGRY RED, THE  
BEAST WITHIN STIR AND PACE  
RESTLESSLY, EAGER FOR THE  
BARS TO RAISE. SOMEONE...

...SOMEONE MUST PAY!







ARK-12, EN ROUTE  
TO GARRUS-9:



WE ARE  
COURSE-LOCKED  
AND STEADY, *HOUND*.  
FLIGHT TIME IS  
THIRTY-SIX POINT  
TWO CYCLES.

GOOD,  
SIDESWIPE—HOW  
ARE WE DOING?

...



...SIDESWIPE?

EH, OH, EVERYTHING'S  
JUST WONDERFUL. PEACHY.  
I MEAN, ONE MINUTE WE'RE  
HEADED FOR EARTH, THE  
NEXT WE'RE *NOT*. WHAT  
COULD BE WRONG?



I MEANT IN  
TERMS OF THE  
*ENGINES*.

IT'S LIKE  
*SUNSTREAKER* HAS  
SUDDENLY GONE FROM LOW  
PRIORITY TO *NO* PRIORITY.  
ONE LITTLE EMERGENCY AND  
IT'S, "OH, HIM. NO BIGGIE.  
THAT'LL KEEP."

→SIGH←









THEY'LL DO.



I'D GUESS AT CYBERTRONIAN, BUT HE'S NOT ON OUR SYSTEM.

HM. BRING THE WEAPONS GRID ONLINE, *WARPATH*, AND AWAIT MY COMMAND.



SKRAM—OPEN ALL COMM CHANNELS.

UNKNOWN ASSAILANT. THIS IS YOUR FIRST AND *LAST* WARNING. BREAK OFF YOUR ASSAULT IMMEDIATELY...



...OR WE WILL RESPOND WITH *DEADLY* FORCE.

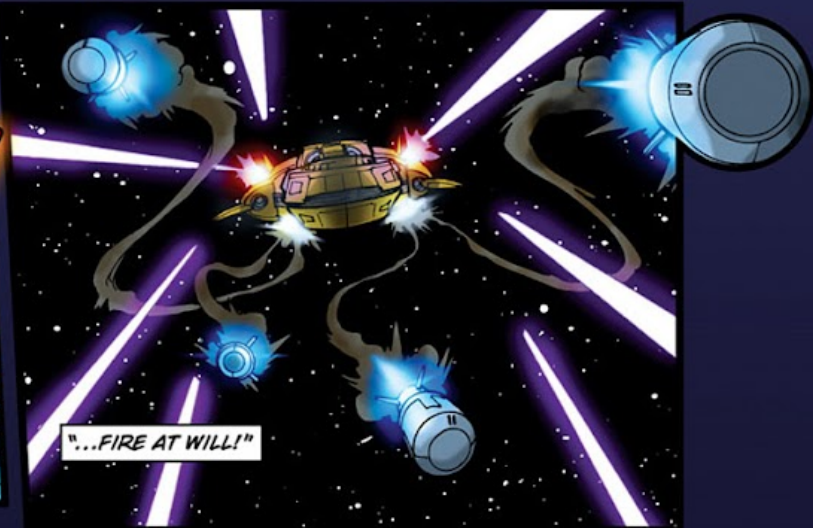


YOW.

YOU TELL HIM, HOUND.



FINE, IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT. *ALL* WEAPONS...



"...FIRE AT WILL!"





DIRECT HITS. HOSTILE  
HAS SUSTAINED  
CRITICAL DAMAGE.

MAKE THAT...  
**TERMINAL.**

LAUNCH A MARKER  
BUOY AND NOTIFY THE  
REGIONAL COMMAND HUB.  
ASK THEM TO SEND AN  
INVESTIGATION DETAIL AS  
AND WHEN ONE BECOMES  
AVAILABLE. WE...

...HAVE  
PLACES TO BE.  
**ROAD ROCKET,**  
RESUME COURSE.  
BEST SPEED.



WOULD HAVE  
BEEN NICE TO KNOW  
**WHO** THAT WAS AND  
**HOW** WE MANAGED TO  
TICK HIM OFF QUITE SO  
COMPREHENSIVELY.

YEAH, IT WOULD.  
BUT THIS JOB IS ALL  
ABOUT NECESSITY  
OVER NEED. THE WHYS  
AND WHEREFORES CAN  
WAIT, **GARRUS-9**  
**CAN'T.**

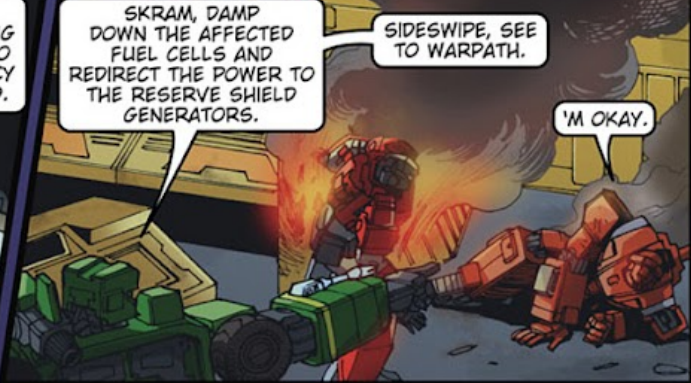
RIGHT,  
RIGHT...





HULL BREACHES ON DECKS THREE THROUGH SIX. WE'RE VENTING PLASMA FROM THE PORT THRUSTER ASSEMBLY.

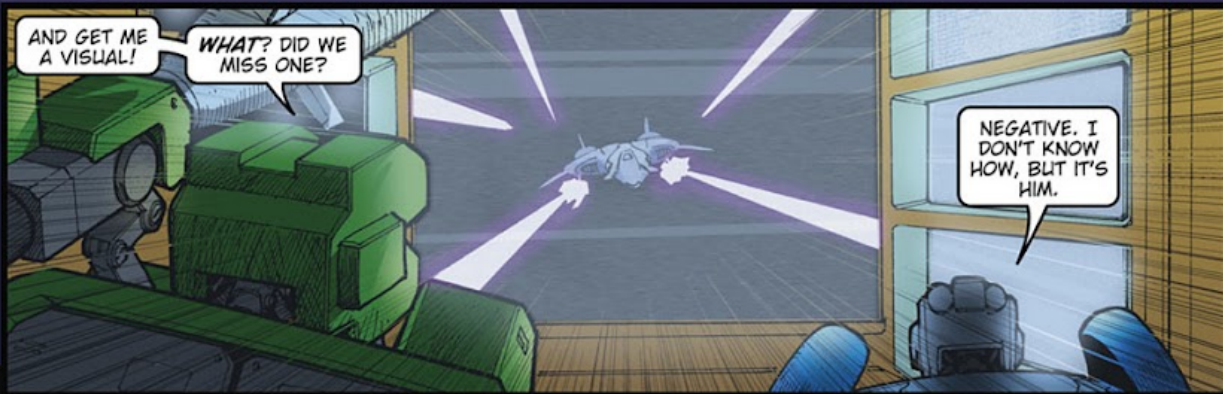
SHIELDS ARE DOWN! SWITCHING TACTICAL FEED TO HELM. EMERGENCY CHAFF DEPLOYED.



SKRAM, DAMP DOWN THE AFFECTED FUEL CELLS AND REDIRECT THE POWER TO THE RESERVE SHIELD GENERATORS.

SIDESWIPE, SEE TO WARPATH.

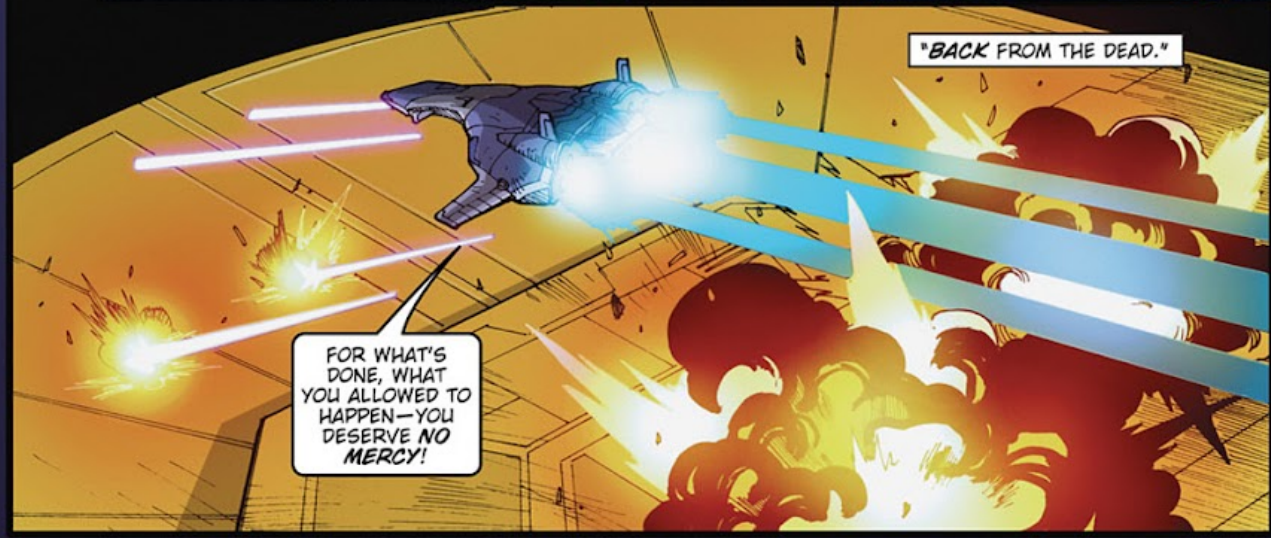
I'M OKAY.



AND GET ME A VISUAL!

WHAT? DID WE MISS ONE?

NEGATIVE. I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT IT'S HIM.



"BACK FROM THE DEAD."

FOR WHAT'S DONE, WHAT YOU ALLOWED TO HAPPEN—YOU DESERVE NO MERCY!



"UNDERSTOOD, PRIME."



I'LL BE THERE IN THREE TO FOUR CYCLES. HOWEVER LONG GONE THE SUBJECTS IN QUESTION ARE, THERE'S *WORK* TO BE DONE. I'LL OPEN THE RELEVANT DATAFILES AND UPDATE ONCE I'M ON THE GROUND.

MAGNUS OUT.



INCOMING DATA RECEIVED...

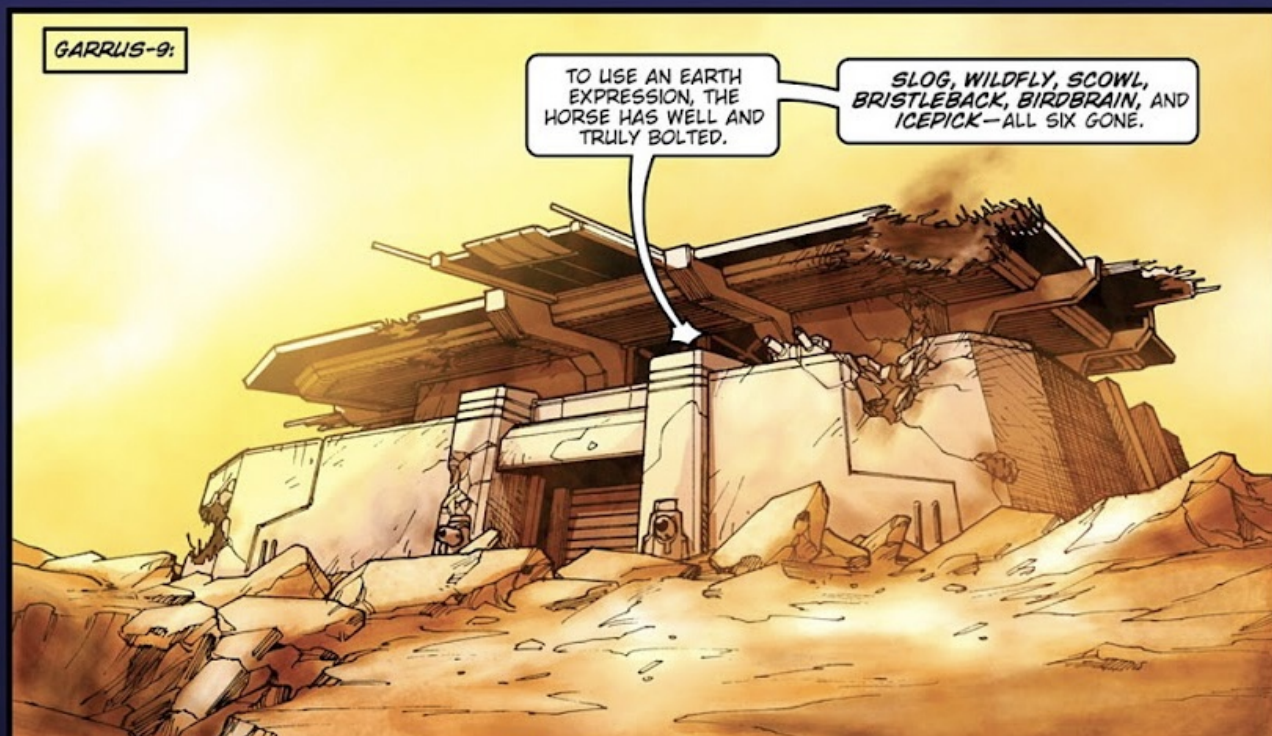
DISPLAY...



TAK-TAK-TAK-TAK







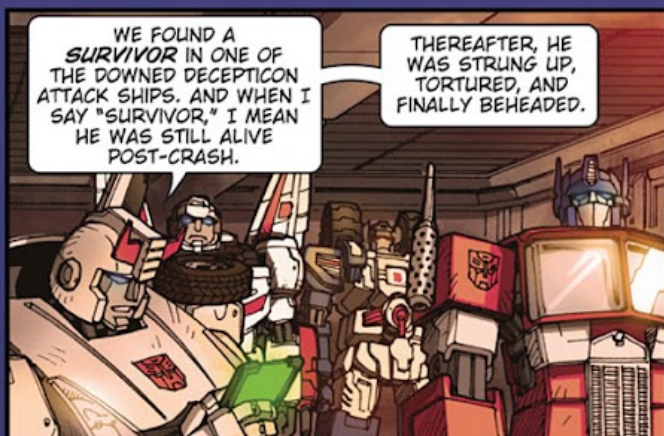




NO, MAKE THAT SEVEN. **MONSTRUCTOR** TOO. THEIR COMBINED FORM.

ALL NOW WELL AND TRULY IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

RIGHT. STRANGE THING, THOUGH...

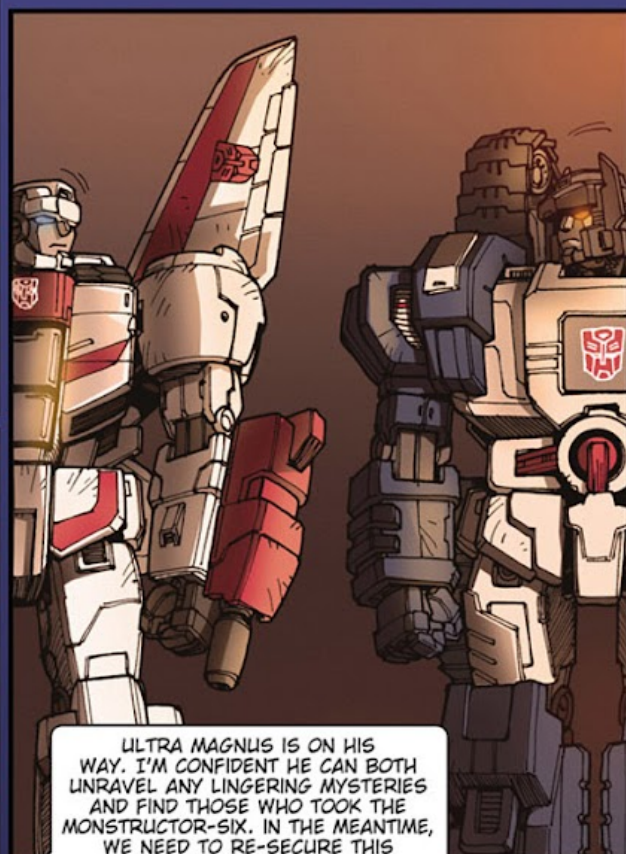


WE FOUND A **SURVIVOR** IN ONE OF THE DOWNED DECEPTICON ATTACK SHIPS. AND WHEN I SAY "SURVIVOR," I MEAN HE WAS STILL ALIVE POST-CRASH.

THEREAFTER, HE WAS STRUNG UP, TORTURED, AND FINALLY BEHEADED.



ANY IDEAS?



ULTRA MAGNUS IS ON HIS WAY. I'M CONFIDENT HE CAN BOTH UNRAVEL ANY LINGERING MYSTERIES AND FIND THOSE WHO TOOK THE MONSTRUCTOR-SIX. IN THE MEANTIME, WE NEED TO RE-SECURE THIS FACILITY. **FORTRESS MAXIMUS...**



...YOU'RE IN CHARGE.

**PROWL**, YOU AND I HAVE UNFINISHED BUSINESS...



"...BACK ON ARK-32."

...KRAKON'S  
UNTIMELY DEMISE LED  
ME HERE, TO **GORLAM  
PRIME**, WHERE I  
FOUND...

...EXCAVATIONS  
DATING BACK TO  
A TIME PERIOD CONCURRENT  
WITH THE LAUNCH OF THE  
FIRST ARK AND SCATTERED  
ARTIFACTS FROM  
THAT SELFSAME  
VESSEL.

I AM NOW  
PREPARING TO  
DESCEND INTO THE MAIN  
SHAFT AT SITE U-5.  
CARRIER WAVE SUMMARY  
ENDS, NIGHTBEAT...  
SIGNING OFF.

NIGHTBEAT.  
WHAT'S UP?

WELL, I'VE JUST  
PLAYED BACK A  
REPORT I FILED THREE  
DECACYCLES AGO FROM  
A PLANET CALLED  
**GORLAM PRIME**.  
TROUBLE IS...

...I'VE NEVER  
**BEEN** TO **GORLAM  
PRIME**, NEVER EVEN  
HEARD OF IT UNTIL  
NOW. SOMETHING'S  
**VERY** WRONG.

HARDHEAD, I  
NEED HELP.

YOUR KIND  
OF HELP!





ARK-12:

THE RATIONAL PART OF ME  
KNOWS I SHOULD LEAVE  
WELL ALONE, LET THIS GO.

BUT I CAN'T.

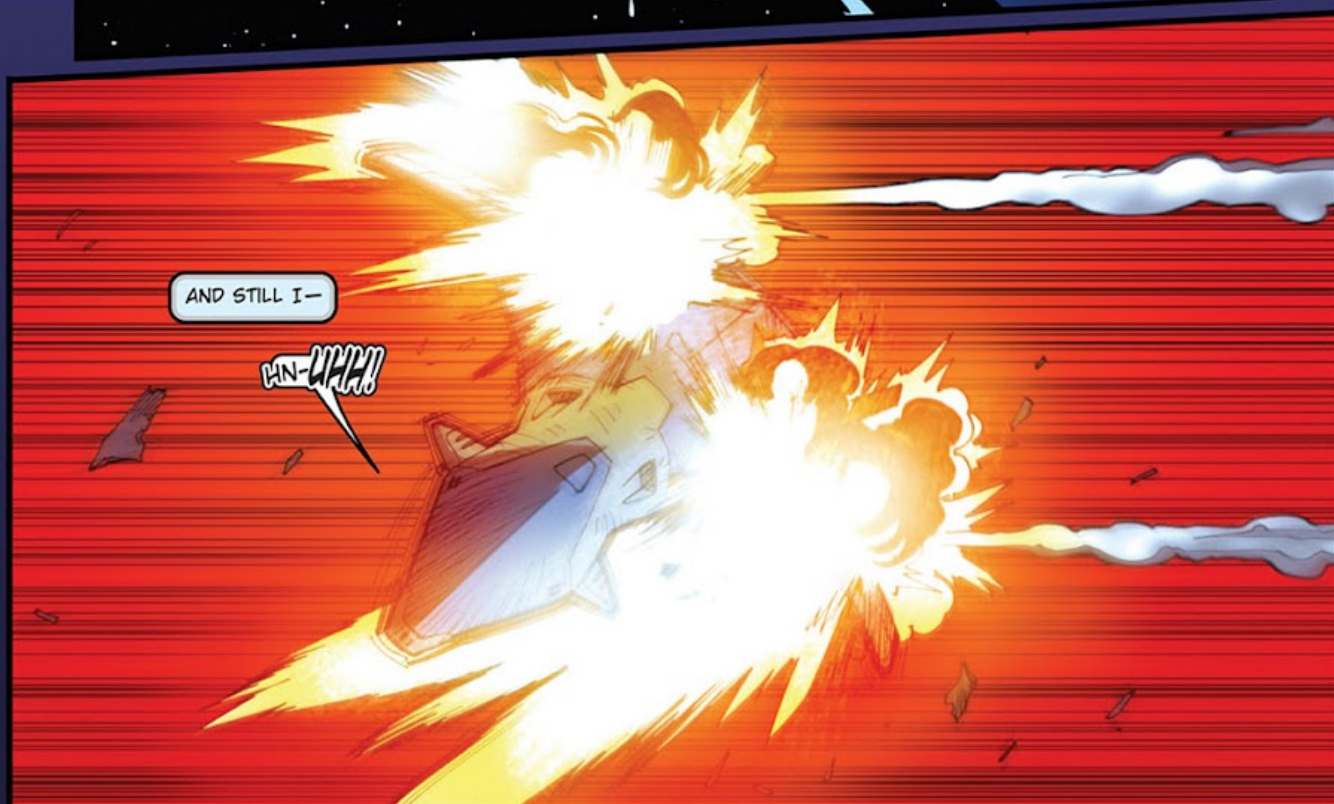


LOGIC, ORDER, STRUCTURE...  
IT ALL JUST FLIES APART.



MUCH AS I LOATHE THE RAGING,  
TURBULENT ALTER EGO THAT, AT  
THE MOMENT, IS IN THE ASCENDANCY,  
MUCH AS I WISH TO DENY IT...  
IT CONSUMES ME.

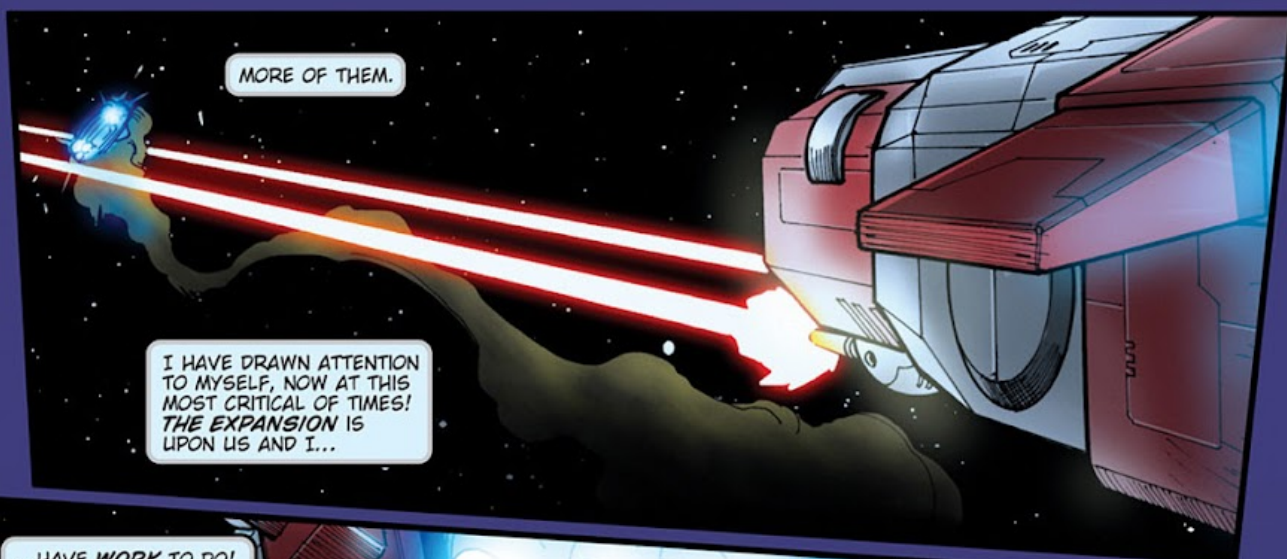
TIME IS AGAINST ME. MY  
MISSION SHUNTED TO ONE  
SIDE. THOSE I SERVE...  
UNFORGIVING.



AND STILL I—

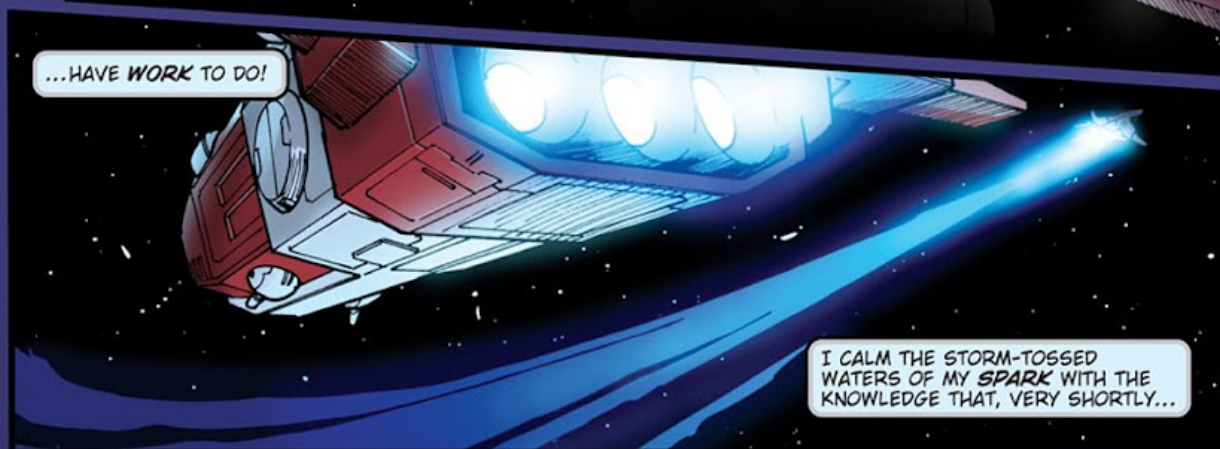
HN-UN!!





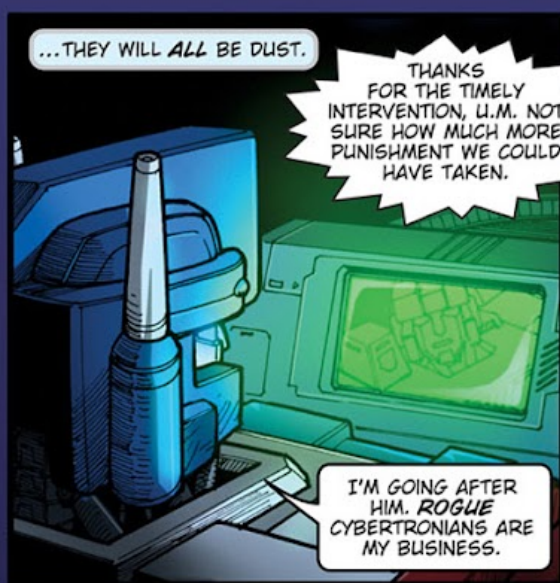
MORE OF THEM.

I HAVE DRAWN ATTENTION  
TO MYSELF, NOW AT THIS  
MOST CRITICAL OF TIMES!  
*THE EXPANSION* IS  
UPON US AND I...



...HAVE *WORK* TO DO!

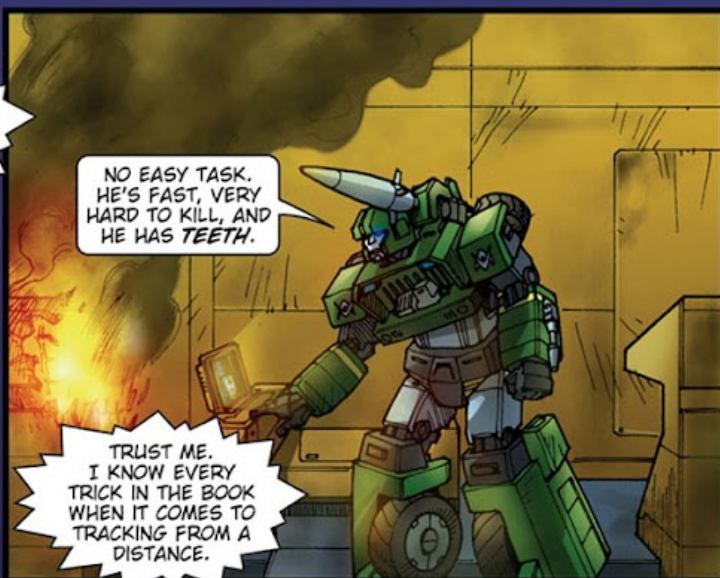
I CALM THE STORM-TOSSED  
WATERS OF MY *SPARK* WITH THE  
KNOWLEDGE THAT, VERY SHORTLY...



...THEY WILL *ALL* BE DUST.

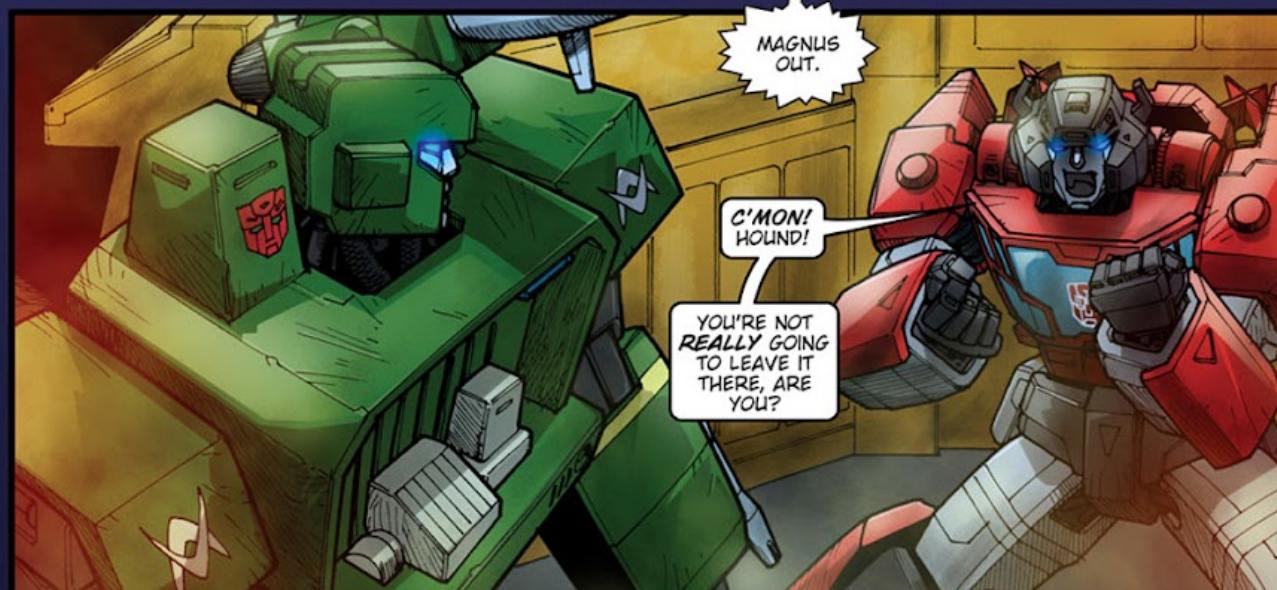
THANKS  
FOR THE TIMELY  
INTERVENTION, U.M. NOT  
SURE HOW MUCH MORE  
PUNISHMENT WE COULD  
HAVE TAKEN.

I'M GOING AFTER  
HIM. *ROGUE*  
CYBERTRONIANS ARE  
MY BUSINESS.



NO EASY TASK.  
HE'S FAST, VERY  
HARD TO KILL, AND  
HE HAS *TEETH*.

TRUST ME.  
I KNOW EVERY  
TRICK IN THE BOOK  
WHEN IT COMES TO  
TRACKING FROM A  
DISTANCE.



MAGNUS  
OUT.

C'MON!  
HOUND!

YOU'RE NOT  
*REALLY*  
GOING TO LEAVE IT  
THERE, ARE  
YOU?





DECEPTICON BATTLE  
PLATFORM ZUKA:

"I'LL ASK YOU ONE  
MORE TIME, NICELY..."



...AND THEN  
THINGS'LL GET  
UGLY.

NN-EHHHH.  
I... DON'T...  
KNOW.

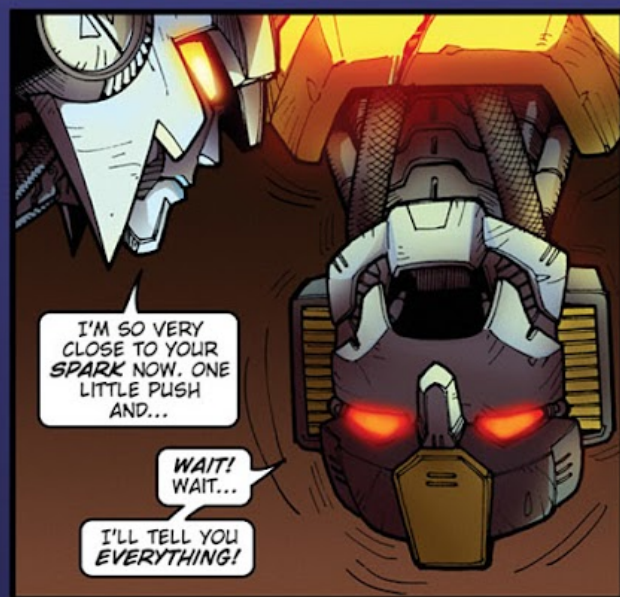
YES. YOU  
DO.

YOU FREELANCE  
OUT TO **BANZAITRON'S**  
SECRET SERVICE, DO  
ODD JOBS FOR HIM. YOU  
WERE THERE, AT GARRUS-9.  
I TALKED AT LENGTH TO A  
"FRIEND" OF YOURS ON  
THIS VERY SUBJECT. NOW,  
ONCE MORE...



...WHERE *IS*  
HE? WHERE HAS  
BANZAITRON TAKEN  
THE GESTALTS?

AAURGH!!



I'M SO VERY  
CLOSE TO YOUR  
**SPARK** NOW. ONE  
LITTLE PUSH  
AND...


WAIT!  
WAIT...

I'LL TELL YOU  
**EVERYTHING!**

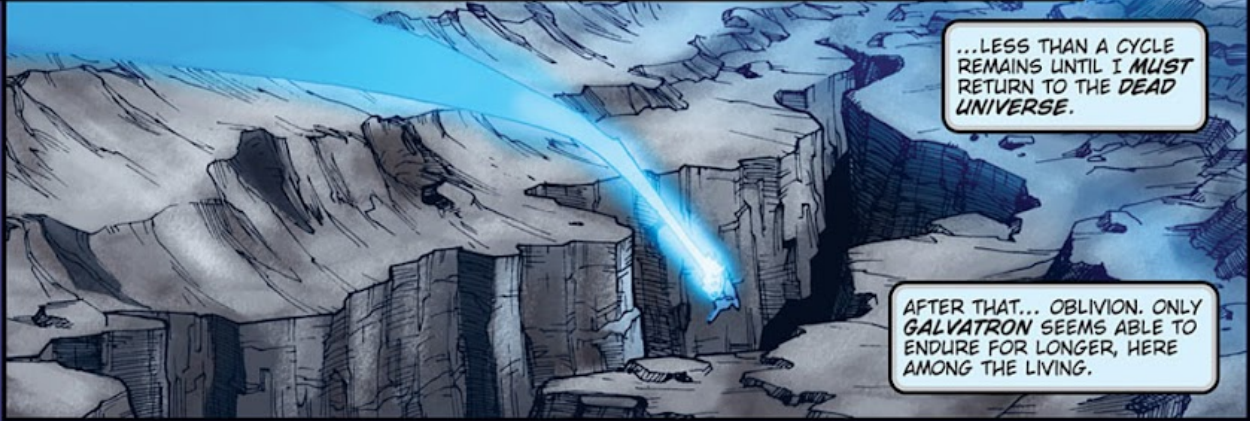


THEY  
ALWAYS  
DO.





THE DIVERSION TO CYBERTRON  
AND MY SUBSEQUENT RECKLESS  
TILT MEAN THAT BY THE TIME I  
REACH *CORATA-VAZ*...



...LESS THAN A CYCLE  
REMAINS UNTIL I *MUST*  
RETURN TO THE DEAD  
UNIVERSE.

AFTER THAT... OBLIVION. ONLY  
*GALVATRON* SEEMS ABLE TO  
ENDURE FOR LONGER, HERE  
AMONG THE LIVING.



WHY, NO ONE KNOWS, NOT  
EVEN NOVA-*NEMESIS* PRIME.



I MUST COMPLETE MY  
MISSION AND BE GONE.  
AT LEAST UNTIL...



...WE ALL RETURN.  
*AD INFINITUM.*

THANKFULLY...

...I HAVE ONLY TO MAKE  
READY THE *NEGA-CORE* AND  
ACTIVATE THE *GUARDIAN*.





THE FIRST I  
DO WILLINGLY.

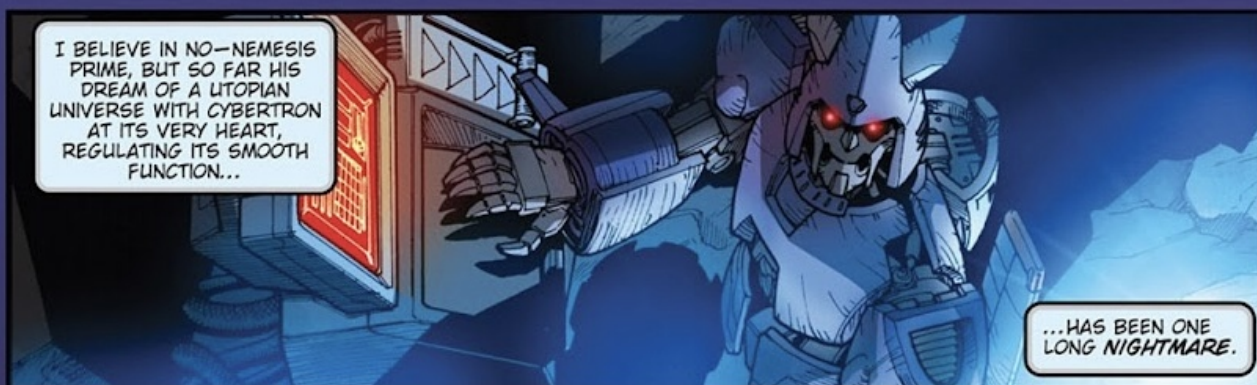


BUT WHEN IT COMES  
TO THE SECOND...



...I HESITATE.

HOW CAN I, A *PATRIOT*, ONE  
WHO HAS WITNESSED FIRSTHAND  
THE SORRY STATE OF  
CYBERTRON, LET LOOSE THIS  
ALLY OF ARMAGEDDON ANEW.

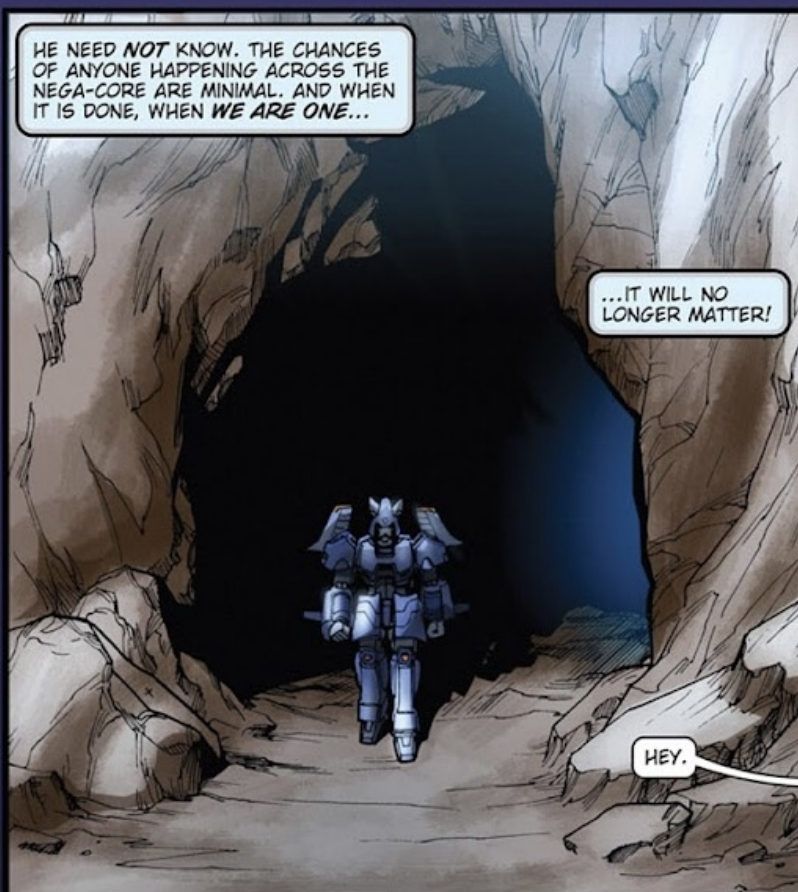


I BELIEVE IN NO-NEMESIS  
PRIME, BUT SO FAR HIS  
DREAM OF A UTOPIAN  
UNIVERSE WITH CYBERTRON  
AT ITS VERY HEART,  
REGULATING ITS SMOOTH  
FUNCTION...

...HAS BEEN ONE  
LONG NIGHTMARE.



ULTIMATELY, KNOWING  
WHAT I KNOW AND  
HAVING SAT IN  
JUDGMENT OF  
OTHERS, PERHAPS  
LESS CULPABLE, I  
FIND I *CANNOT*  
FOLLOW THROUGH.



HE NEED *NOT* KNOW. THE CHANCES  
OF ANYONE HAPPENING ACROSS THE  
NEGA-CORE ARE MINIMAL. AND WHEN  
IT IS DONE, WHEN *WE ARE ONE*...

...IT WILL NO  
LONGER MATTER!

HEY.



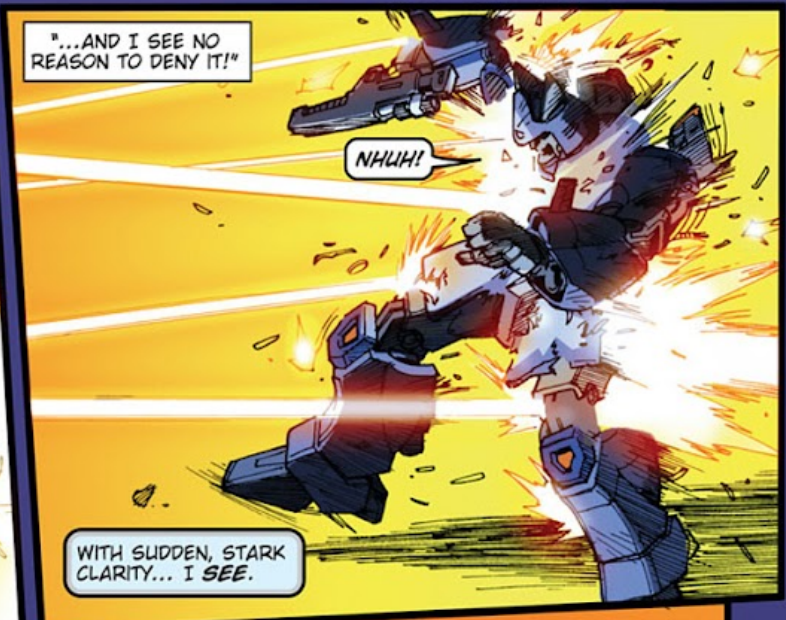






WHY OH *WHY* IS IT ALWAYS YOU WHO KICKS IT OFF, SIDESWIPE?

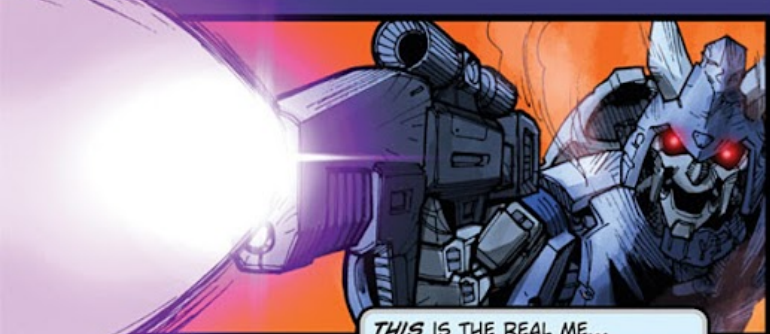
MAYBE BECAUSE I DON'T HIDE BEHIND RIGMAROLE AND CONVENTION LIKE YOU, HOUND. MAYBE BECAUSE I AM WHO I AM...



"...AND I SEE NO REASON TO DENY IT!"

NHUUH!

WITH SUDDEN, STARK CLARITY... I SEE.



THIS IS THE REAL ME... AND THE ORDERED, STRUCTURED INTELLECTUAL IS THE CREATION.



FOSSH



...CAN I BE A PART OF NOVA'S PERFECT UNIVERSE WHEN I...



EH? UH-UH.

MY ARM!

HOW...



...AM THE VERY ERRATIC,  
UNPREDICTABLE ELEMENT  
HE'S TRYING TO *ERASE*?

WHOM

HEHN...

DON'T.

IT'S  
OVER.

YOU'RE  
RIGHT. IT IS.

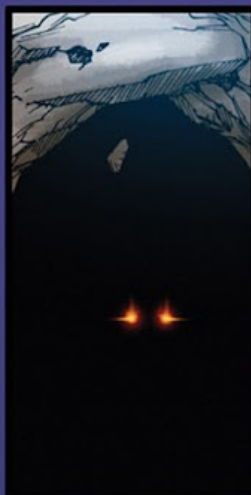
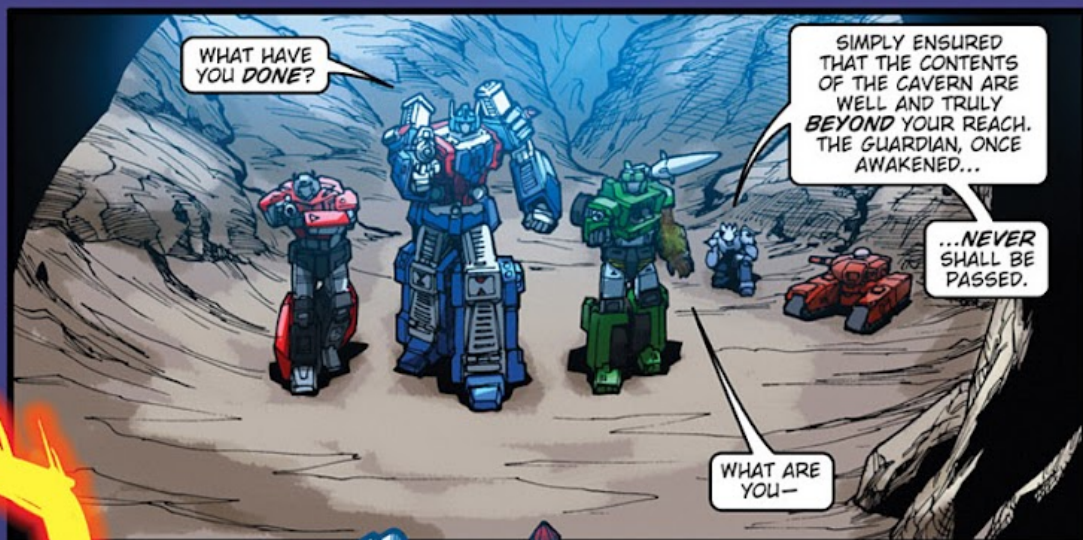
AND WHAT I  
DO NOW, I DO  
BECAUSE *YOU*  
LEAVE ME NO  
OPTION.

WHAT?

"I HAVE FACED MY  
PERSONAL MAELSTROM..."

"...THIS IS *YOURS*."







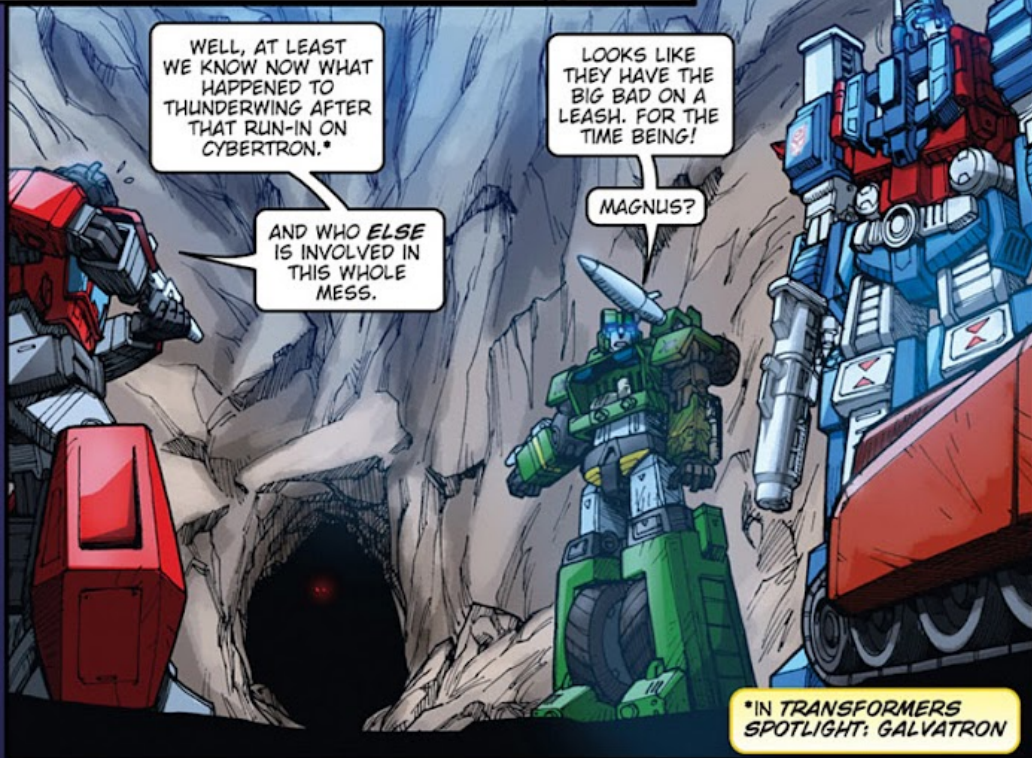


EVEN AS I STAND, I FEEL MY LIMBS START TO SEIZE, A CLUTCHING PAIN IN MY SPARK CORE. I MUST REACH THE NEAREST *TRANSITION* POINT...

...BEFORE THE EFFECT...



...OVERTAKES MY ABILITY TO ACT.



WELL, AT LEAST WE KNOW NOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THUNDERWING AFTER THAT RUN-IN ON CYBERTRON.\*

AND WHO *ELSE* IS INVOLVED IN THIS WHOLE MESS.

LOOKS LIKE THEY HAVE THE BIG BAD ON A LEASH. FOR THE TIME BEING!

MAGNUS?

MM. CLEARLY, THIS IS MUCH *BIGGER* THAN WE THOUGHT.

\*IN TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT: GALVATRON



SOMETHING'S BEGUN HERE...



"...AND WHO *KNOWS* WHERE IT'LL END!"



